

DREAM NO MORE.

Early dreams! why drag me back,
O'er life's blighted, desert track?
Why call up the spectral past,
With its hopes too bright to last?
Where my heart, the magic art,
Where the balm, thy throbs to calm?
Oh, syren hope! thy spell is o'er,
Dream no more! oh, dream no more!
 Dream, heart, no more!
 Dream, heart, no more,

Love thou charmest now in vain,
Broken is thy magic chain:
All thy sunlight dimmed and cold
In this midnight of my soul!
Fame! thou canst recall no more
Dizzy dreams and hopes of yore:
Deadened soul and wearied frame,
Yield no fuel, no fuel for thy flame,
Yield no fuel, no fuel for thy flame!

As the oak, crush'd by the storm,
Bares its bleared and blasted form—
Reft of verdant leaf and bough,
Such this bleeding breast is now!
Where my heart, the magic art,
Where the balm, thy throbs to calm?
Oh syren hope! thy spell is o'er—